

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VIII.

BISMARCK D. T., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1880.

NO 30.

NEWS-NOTES.

—Parnell is in a pickle.
—Senator Lamar is very ill.
—A scarcity of fuel is reported at Winnipeg.
—St. Julien made \$28,000 for its owner the last season.
—The knights of the middle ages are historically dark.
—It takes an old woman well versed in herbs to give sage advice.
—It is rumored that N. B. Harwood will again resume business.
—The November reduction of the public debt will exceed \$2,000,000.
—The Township club will participate in the inaugural procession next March.
—If Justice Hunt is retired, rumor says Senator Edmunds of Vermont, will succeed him.
—Secretary Ramsey will hold two cabinet positions for ten days, as the law prohibits a longer period.
—Another land league demonstration was held at Croughwell, Ireland, Monday, amid much excitement.
—The secretary of the navy asks for \$15,000,000 for the expenses of his department for the next fiscal year.
—Gen. Howard is a Christian gentleman, and will do honor to the position as commandant at West Point.
—A French priest is raising a subscription to aid in dredging for the remains of Pharaoh's band in the Red Sea.
—The government compounded a felony with Blockaway, releasing him upon the surrender of the counterfeit plates.
—It is rumored that "Johnny" Davenport will be appointed superintendent of police to succeed Mr. Walling of New York.
—Frank Leslie's will has been admitted to probate, the surrogate deciding Leslie to have been of sound mind when it was made.
—The Irish question grows more serious hourly. The whole country is agitated and excited by the threat of the land leagues.
—Since the first instant Chicago packers have slaughtered and salted 955,000 hogs, against 707,000 for the corresponding period in 1879.
—It has been decided to coin monthly ten million dollars of \$1 and \$10 gold coins until the \$80,000,000 of gold bullion in the treasury is exhausted.
—Thomas A. Edison will now light the city of New York with electricity at a cost of \$2,000,000. So Edison says. More light on the subject later.
—Justice Strong, of the U. S. supreme court, has resigned, and an Ohio man temporarily replaced him in Alabama, appointed. His name is Wm. B. Wood.
—Secretary Thompson makes a strong point when he says that it is as legitimate for foreign capital to build a canal as it is to build railroads in this country.
—The Maritime canal company of Nicaragua has been organized. Gen. Grant and E. P. Billings, president of the Northern Pacific railroad are among the board of directors.
—The New York Graphic says that President Porter discontinued Sunday morning play at Yale, because they were found to interfere seriously with the Sunday night poker games.
—Emma Abbott, with her superior opera company, will attempt the feat of pleasing the aesthetic tastes of St. Paulites next week. She must beware of "them literary fellows," or suffer a scorching at their hands.
—Hon. W. D. Kelly has prepared a bill as a substitute for Fernando Woods, providing for popular bonds ten years to run, the minimum denomination to be \$10, and bear three per cent interest. A slight improvement on Mr. Woods' idea.
—Tenders for \$17,500,000 Indian (three and a half per cent bonds were opened recently and bids therefor were made to the extent of \$78,000,000 from \$8 to 101). If this can be done with an Indian loan certainly the United States ought to float a loan at three per cent.
—The executors of the late A. T. Stewart will erect theological colleges at Garden City, L. I., for male and female, and endeavor to make that southern city the ecclesiastical center of the world. Money to the amount of \$4,000,000 has been appropriated to endow the institutions.
—Col. Jerome Bonaparte is spending the winter in Washington. He is a grandson of the king of Westphalia, who in his early days married the beautiful Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, and who was afterwards separated from her by decree of the Emperor Napoleon, his brother.
—Governor St. John, of Kansas, states that the negro exodus from the south to Kansas continues. Of 40,000 who settled in that State only 500 are relieving aid. The governor says that when once they were of the relief association's hands they never came back and many own lots of their own within two years.

Snow.

Last night, the wind being from the east and the thermometer in about the right shape, likewise the barometer, snow began to descend and has had a downward tendency ever since. So long as it maintains its perpendicular, it's all right, but if it ever commences a horizontal movement, a little trouble may be expected. Thus far, however, the Japan current has made itself apparent, and is probably lurking close behind the snow clouds to destroy any mischief which might otherwise come over God's country. Even to-day, while it is snowing, the eases are dropping and the weather is calm and mild as spring. In fact the storm is like unto a Michigan "sapsnow." About five inches now covers the ground, making the first sleighing of the season. While THE TRIBUNE does not wish to be placed on record as a weather prophet, yet it believes that the present snow will almost entirely disappear before the first of January.

TELEGRAPH TO TRIBUNE

WHAT IS BEING DONE AT THE CAPITAL.

Conkling Still Envious Towards Bayard—Pension Bills Passed—Bill to Retire Gen. Ord—Canal Schemes.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

SPICY CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—The correspondence between Gen. Schofield and Col. Gardner will cause a sensation when made public. It will show that Schofield wrote an opinion exonerating Fitz John Porter and transmitted it to Washington long before the testimony which was very voluminous, could have been received and that the war department sent it back to Gardner suspecting it was doctored requesting the testimony also. Gardner knowing nothing of the report was surprised and the correspondence subsequently indulged in was very strong. Gardner accuses Schofield of posing for the democratic nomination for the presidency.

WATER WAYS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—Congress has now settled down to business. Morton's bill in the House incorporate the "Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua," has created a great deal of discussion. It is thought the scheme cannot be else but successful and that the commerce committee, to whom the bill was referred, will report favorably. The list of corporations is headed by Gen. Grant, who, it is understood, will be president of the company. The capital stock of the scheme is placed at \$1,000,000, a much larger sum than is actually needed. It is believed that with Gen. Grant at the head of the project, three per cent. will be realized at once, and that two or three times that amount will ultimately follow. The president continues to be displeased with Secretary Thompson because of his connection with the Panama-DeLesseps canal scheme. Mr. Thompson, however, declares that he believes foreign capital is as good for building canals as for building railroads in the United States. He is confident that the project in no way opposes the Monroe doctrine, and that if it did he would have nothing to do with it.

COAST DEFENSE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—The bill for coast defense was discussed and finally passed in the house yesterday. Randall opposed Johnson's amendment that \$200,000 be appropriated for modification, preservation and repair of fortifications, etc., on the ground that what was needed was more powerful ordnance. This was the opinion of Gen. Grant. The bill passed without amendment.

CONFIRMED.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—Gen. Hazen was unanimously confirmed as chief signal officer and Gen. Miles also as brigadier general. It is not yet definitely known where Gen. Miles will go, but will probably take the District of Columbia or the Department of Texas.

THE "NAVEE."

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—Secretary Thompson retires from the cabinet Monday and Secretary Ramsey takes the portfolio of the "ruler of the navee." As he can hold the position but ten days the president has offered the position to ex-governor Sargent, of California.

THE PENSION BILLS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—The pension bill appropriating \$50,000,000 for the payment of pensions for the next fiscal year passed the house yesterday. Turner of Kentucky alone voting against it. The "arrearers of pensions" bill has increased its annual expenditures from \$29,000,000 to \$50,000,000 and has cost the country \$250,000,000.

REDUCTION IN PRICE OF LIGHTNING.

ST. PAUL, Dec. 17.—The Western Union company announce a reduction of rates to this point, competed by the American Union. President Greene says that it is likely when the two companies come to an understanding something in the way of a compromise will be effected.

BAYARD IN A BOX.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—It is said when Conkling returns to Washington he will renew his attack on Bayard by rising to a personal explanation and claims to be able to prove Bayard guilty of falsehood in denying his Dover speech. He has the affidavit of the democratic stenographer to the correctness of his report.

ORD'S DOOM.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—A bill was introduced in the Senate Tuesday by Maxey for the retirement of Gen. Ord. It recites his eminent and long service and authorized the president to retire him according to his brevet rank of Major General.

CANADA CONFUSED.

ST. PAUL, Dec. 17.—Canada is all torn up over the measure now pending before her Parliament, contracting with the syndicate now contracting with the St. Paul Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway for the construction of the Canada Pacific

Railroad. The opposition are using every means to defeat the government, and will to-day scatter broad cast over the country pamphlet explaining the scheme in detail and strongly condemning the extravagant price called for by the contractors.

WILL BE INVESTIGATED.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—A joint-resolution will be presented in the senate and house in a few days, looking to an investigation of the methods used in New York to manipulate the money market by enforcing illegal and arbitrary interest. It is stated that a prominent National Bank of that city has been active in causing the stringency, and that previous to the election the bank sold short twenty millions of bonds at two or three per cent. below the present price and are working for a decline in stocks.

HE VISITS THE BOYS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—Gen. Grant visited both the Senate and House yesterday. Recess was taken in to allow the members to greet him. In the house southern democrats were warm in greeting. The only persons not participating in the general hand-shaking and introduction were northern democrats.

THE REASON IT SNOWS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—Gen. Hazen took charge of the signal office yesterday.

HAS THE DEADWOOD ON IT.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—E. P. Champney, of Michigan, has been appointed receiver of public money at Deadwood.

HOWARD FOR WEST POINT.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—Gen. Howard has been assigned to duty at West Point, and left yesterday for California to settle his affairs.

ALONG THE LINE.

The Boom Which has Built Towns as if by Magic.

The rapidity with which towns have sprung up along the line of the Northern Pacific during the past two years, and more especially the past season, is indeed astonishing. Two years ago there was scarcely a settler between the Dalrymple farm and the James river valley. Now there are such towns as Cassillon, and Wheatland, the former place shipping 22,000 of No. 1 hard in a single day last week and the latter town nearly as much. Valley City has grown to a town of five or six hundred and other towns of two or three hundred are now in existence at points where six months ago there was but a side track. Bidding from Fargo west in 1878 one could scarcely see a house except one or two large farm houses built the year previous. Now the prairie is dotted with houses and straw stacks as far as the eye can reach both sides of the track from Fargo to Valley City. At Cassillon is a branch road of the North Pacific running northward forty miles which is also lined with farmers. North Dakota is a world of itself. It can raise wheat enough to feed every man, woman and child in the universe, and have enough left for seed each year.

Christmas Turkeys.

On another page will be found the advertisements of two leading firms, setting forth a prodigious bill of fare for Christmas. Mr. Thurston sold more goods for Thanksgiving to the various military posts than any other house in the city. The reason was because he let the people know what he had through THE TRIBUNE which reaches the hands of nearly every family in the north-west, and every officer's quarters at the military posts, where his name and merchants expect to sell goods. Mr. Josiah Bragg also has taken advantage of the boom and is receiving orders from every direction for oysters, turkeys, and other articles intended to make happy the inner man on Christmas. Mr. Thurston carries a complete line of groceries at wholesale or retail and also makes a specialty of vegetables and game, oysters and fish. Mr. Bragg has always kept a leading market, where meats of all kinds, fish, oysters, and game could be found and their superiority depended upon.

An Honest Porter.

No. 4 express from Fargo Thursday last week, had among its passengers Mr. W. F. Steele, en route to Yankton. Mr. Steele had in his possession a very nice and expensive set of earrings, with which he intended to gladden the heart, which was the ear of some eastern friend. To guard against any possible loss he placed the earring in his pillow, but being of a restless nature that night, floundered around to such an extent as to cause the precious package to take a drop to the floor. In the fall one of the pieces of jewelry was misplaced from his pillow, but the porter, seeing the box, picked it up, replaced the other jewel, and handed it to Mr. Steele in the morning. Perhaps the porter didn't know the value of the gems, but at any rate it was a mark of honesty, for which Mr. Steele, is indeed, truly thankful.

Oyster Supper.

The ladies of the Methodist Church will give an oyster supper at the new church on Wednesday evening, December 22. The church has been plastered and will be comfortable. All are invited to partake of the bivalves and other refreshments and thus help the society in their enterprise.

The Last Sad Rite.

The corps of Northern Pacific engineers who arrived from the Yellowstone Wednesday brought with them the body of Mr. Dodge, a young man engaged with the corps, and who was drowned last summer in the Yellowstone. His remains

were taken to St. Paul for interment. He was not related to Gen. Dodge, chief engineer of the Yellowstone division.

Whitney's Benefit.

One of the largest audiences ever assembled in this city attended Manager Sam Whitney's benefit last evening. There is not a more public spirited man in this city, nor one who is the cause of bringing more people to Bismarck than Mr. Whitney. The citizens appreciate this and always give him a rousing benefit. There is not a town in the world of Bismarck's size that can boast a well-patronized opera house open 365 nights in the year. It is the secret cause of Bismarck being the headquarters for teamsters, freighters, and river men during the winter. Were it not for this attraction they would go east to spend the winter months. Railroad men from out on the extension would stop at Mandan but for this magnet, and it is safe to say that Mr. Whitney is the cause of bringing 300 transients to the city every week. The business men can see the benefits derived from Mr. Whitney's efforts and are therefore always willing and ready to assist him in every way.

Stevenson Splinters.

A fire on the 9th damaged the post blacksmith somewhat. Coldest weather thus far 30 below; snow four inches on the level. Lieut. Van Orsdale has returned from Fort Berthold Indian agency, where he has been engaged in witnessing the issue of rations, clothing, etc., to the Indians. Sergt. Mathew, who broke his leg sometime ago by a runaway, is recovering rapidly. Capt. C. C. Brown, is quite ill with bilious fever. Bob Roberts passed through here on the 12th, with seventy mules for Fort Buford. A citizen named Murry recently stole two sets of lines from the government and is now a prisoner with irons. Weather pleasant. G. O. V.

"The Light Fantastic."

One of the unusually merry gatherings took place at the Merchants Hotel, Wednesday night, in the shape of a leap year ball given by the young ladies of the house to their friends. A very large crowd of young people thronged the noted establishment, "making it ring with delight" until the "wee" small, hour yesterday morning. Refreshments were served at midnight. The dancing under the guidance of Prof. Brunsmann, was participated in by all. The young ladies have but a short time left in which to exercise their leap year privileges, and if they all do as well as did the young ladies of the Merchants they can well afford to wait another four years for leap year enjoyments.

A Good Appointment.

Among the officers selected by Governor Ordway for the government of Hughes county, of which Pierre is the county seat, is Mr. P. W. Concorde, a well known Bismarckian, and one intimately identified with the early history of Burleigh county. Mr. Concorde has been appointed sheriff of Hughes county, and the Journal of Pierre, speaks of the selection in most praiseworthy terms. Sheriff Concorde is also the deputy United States marshal for that district. His new field of labor is one in which his activity and ability will be appreciated, and being young and ambitious, success is before him. His Burleigh county friends congratulate him.

Bismarck's Boast.

Bismarck, without any doubt, has the two first dry goods houses on the line of the North Pacific. Fargo has a couple which are large and make a fine display, but Dan Eisenberg and W. B. Watson lead the van. The display of holiday goods in these two stores, reminds one of fairy land. It is a treat to visit them and look around. One must indeed have a tight grip on his purse-strings if he does not untie them after spending a few moments in these stores. You can find everything you want from the most expensive down to a paper of pins. No such stocks were ever brought to this country before.

Disbanded.

Thirteen of the engineers who have been engaged on the preliminary survey of the Yellowstone country, arrived in this city Wednesday night, having finished their labors in that locality. They will disband for the winter. Mr. Bell, of the corps, has been ordered to Brainerd, and went east Monday last. Gen. Dodge has made the headquarters of his division at Miles City and will remain at that point during the winter and will be on hand to watch the difficulties to be overcome by the spring break up of the Yellowstone.

Side Speculation.

Mr. Asa Fisher, one of our solid business men of Bismarck, left St. Paul Tuesday night for Fort Pierre, where he is about to establish an extensive lumber yard. Mr. Fisher has no idea of leaving Bismarck, but as a side speculation he sees hundreds in a lumber yard at the rising metropolis of South Dakota.

Christmas Ball.

Another of those entertainments which contribute so much to the attractiveness of Bismarck, and the enjoyment of her people, comes off next Thursday evening at Champion Hall, as shown by advertisement in another column. This will be one of the finest balls of the season.

Company D's Dance.

Company D, 7th cavalry, will give another one of their semi-occasional balls at Fort Yates, Saturday evening, Jan. 1st. These entertainments have added much to the comforts of post life and made Fort Yates a most desirable place for the boys.

DAKOTA WANTS DIVISION

THE SUBJECT THOROUGHLY DISCUSSED AT FARGO.

A Resolution Passed by the Grand Jury Favoring a Division on the Seventh Standard Parallel—Argus Report.

VARIOUS OPINIONS.

A meeting of citizens of North Dakota was held in the parlors of the Continental hotel, Fargo, on Saturday, to consider, in connection with a committee appointed by the United States grand jury, the question of the division of Dakota, now pending before congress.

Maj. A. W. Edwards was elected chairman, and C. A. Lounsberry, of the Bismarck Tribune, secretary.

It was assumed that the bills now before congress provide for the division of Dakota on the 7th standard parallel, a correction line established in surveying, lying about four miles south of the 46th parallel, instead of on the 47th parallel, as published through the associated press, and it was agreed that if the 47th parallel was the line mentioned in these bills that every interest of Northern Dakota should oppose such a division.

Mr. Clark, of Pembina county, on behalf of the committee from the grand jury, said that as they were the only body selected from all portions of North Dakota, that it would be possible to reach, and being as it was reasonable to suppose, represented in character, it was thought proper for them to take some action in the premises and they had been selected by the grand jury a committee to confer with a meeting of citizens, with a view to placing before congress an expression of the wishes of North Dakota in relation to the subject of territorial division.

WOODRUFF'S RESOLUTION.

Mr. J. S. Woodruff, of Cass county, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the interests of that portion of Dakota territory lying north of the 7th standard parallel demand the same should be set off from the southern portion of said territory and be formed into a separate government.

This resolution was seconded by Mr. Geo. H. Ellsbury, of Barnes county.

Maj. Edwards explained the purpose of the Paddock and Bennett bills as he understood them, justifying the view that they provide for division on the 7th standard.

Ex-Gov. Austin, of Minnesota, desired a statement of the reasons urged for division. He was aware that the people of North Dakota generally favored division, but was anxious to learn what reasons had been or could be advanced on which their impressions favorable to division could be founded.

Mr. West, of the Argus, stated briefly the grounds for a fear that the large preponderance of political influence in the southern portion of the territory would give to that section advantages at the expense of the northern section, and called attention to the fact that the wealth per capita is far greater in Northern than in Southern Dakota.

THE TRIBUNE'S VIEW.

The chairman asked Mr. Lounsberry to state the reasons which he presumed to be familiar to him in favor of division.

Mr. Lounsberry referred to the great extent of the territory—150,000 square miles—more than three times as large as the great state of New York, and to the fact that Northern and Southern Dakota had no common interests and no common sympathies. He regarded their interests, their lines of trade and lines of commerce as separate and distinct as those of Indiana and Tennessee. The business of Southern Dakota naturally passed east over southern line, of railroad to Chicago, while that of North Dakota centered at Duluth, St. Paul and Milwaukee, and for his part he urged that he regarded connection with Minnesota far more acceptable than with Southern Dakota. He referred to the great difficulty experienced in reaching the capital of the territory, requiring a trip via St. Paul and Sioux City, three days time and a thousand miles' travel. He referred to the large unsettled tract of country, covered largely by Indian and military reservations, lying between the sections, and called attention to the fact that there are no wagon roads even, connecting the two sections, excepting an Indian and military trail leading down the Missouri river, and no commerce between the two sections excepting comparatively little passing up and down that river.

WILLING TO COME.

Mr. Armstrong, not fixed in his convictions, and if there were strong and weighty reasons, aside from political considerations, which he thought ought not to be regarded, he might consider them. He recognized the force of some of the arguments advanced, but with the development of the country most of them would pass away. They grew largely out of the fact that in former years southwestern Dakota had been the best—the controlling influence—while this portion had been only a snapper to their whip, and the fear that North Dakota would be only an outlying province, as it were, had suggested them. But the territory was being gridironed by railroads, and was increasing rapidly in population, and it a central location should be selected for the capital, he saw no reason why the two portions should be separated. The public lands of Southern Dakota were well near exhausted, and settlers would naturally seek the northern portion of the territory, and he believed that within ten years North Dakota would have the greatest population. There was nothing in itself the objection that it would contain too many square miles unless there was some great

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

PURELY PERSONAL.

Asa Fisher is at Fort Pierre.
Wm. Harmon is in the city to-day.
Capt. Maratta may be in this evening.
Justice Geo. Glass is out at the Little Missouri.
Mayor Peoples is at Fargo. He will return to-night.
H. S. Parkin, of Standing Rock, goes to Fargo to-morrow morning.
T. W. Griffin is at St. Cloud buying live stock for his meat market.
L. P. Williamson, of the Keogh stage line, will go east to-morrow.
P. H. Seims left Saturday for Ft. Pierre. He will return via Deadwood.
Mr. Schiffer, the popular clothier, went east Wednesday to buy goods.
Special Agent S. P. Childs, of the post office department, came up Wednesday.
J. A. Stephan, Indian agent at Standing Rock, is at Fargo on the weight case.
Geo. Reed went down to Fargo Wednesday to tell Judge Barnes what he knows.
Supt. Taylor, of the Missouri division, is east, also E. F. Doran, master mechanic.
Gen. Anderson, chief engineer of the North Pacific, left St. Paul Tuesday for New York.
W. D. Knight, editor of the Yellow Stone Journal, went east Tuesday accompanied by his wife.
J. A. Rea went down to Brainerd, St. Paul and Fargo last week and made a few thousand on land.
W. F. Steele, after visiting Yankton, returned to Fargo, Wednesday, to attend business with the court.
J. J. Flint, the Jamestown hotelier, came up to see how a first class hotel was in this city, Sunday.
Frank Brown is at Fargo holding a conference with Judge West, a fellow collegian from Southern Dakota.
Grant Marsh is in St. Paul settling up the business of a very successful year with the steamer Batchelor, of the Yellowstone line.
John A. Stoyell is at Fargo, also Lawyer Flannery, E. H. Bell, Alex. McKenzie, and James Nowlan and Van Solen, of Fort Yates.
Prof. Clark, the Minneapolis comedian and musician, gave two entertainments at Jamestown this week, and gives one to-morrow at Fargo.
Mr. and Mrs. Miller left at this morning's train for Stoneville, N. C., and will attend the sudden death of Mrs. Mary Weather, mother of Mrs. Miller.
Hon. John A. McLean and wife, who are the Merchants, St. Paul. At last we can hear that they have decided to go to Chicago on their home Friday.
John G. McLean, formerly of the North-western stage company, but now of the McLean & Watson, at the end of the track, through to the front this day.

W. B. Bell, after a successful trip to St. Paul, returned Monday looking much improved, physically and feeling much better than he had not killed this first bad day.

Henry Hollenback left St. Paul Wednesday for Fort Pierre, where he seeks a fortune in the drug business. Henry is a very young man and his many friends wish him abundant success.

Mr. J. B. Hubbell, of the extensive firm of Broadwater, Hubbell & Co., postoffice contractors, etc., at Miles City, Fort Assiniboine, and other points on the frontier, went east this week. This firm is doing a business of nearly \$2,000,000 a year.

Capt. J. W. Raymond left this morning for St. Paul, where he meets his family. He will then proceed to St. Louis to spend the holidays from which point he goes to Florida to spend the winter among the oranges and bananas. He will return to Bismarck in April.

Adam Mann, one of Mandan's prosperous farmers, returned from a two weeks visit to St. Paul and Fairbank, Wednesday. When he went he was questioned closely regarding climate, soil, etc., of this country. He had a great success at turning to farming most inquisitive.

Henry Blakely too, his final departure from Bismarck Sunday. After a few visits to his home in St. Paul, he expects to leave for Fort Pierre to look after the interests of the Northwest stage company at that point. Mr. Blakely was one of the pioneers of Bismarck and his numerous friends regret a very long his permanent absence.

Mrs. Van Cleave.

Next Sunday evening Mrs. General Van Cleave, of Minneapolis, will deliver a missionary address at the Presbyterian Church, subject, "Missions in the Sandwich Islands." Service commences at 7 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend. Mrs. Van Cleave was also one of the speakers at the Monday evening meeting of the Society on the 13th.

On the 13th and 14th Mrs. Van Cleave most zealously and efficiently to the large work of the Women's Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in Minnesota and Dakota. She comes this winter in mid winter on an extended missionary tour, and for this winter she has the most hearty reception. Her lectures commencing Monday evening, and will be given on the Saturday evening.

Fargo's Water Works.

Last Wednesday Fargo's new water works were tested and pronounced a success. Not a leak in the pipes was found anywhere. For several days the company had been running matters, obvious of the fact that the city was full of leak makers who were not used to the water being dealt out and consumed by Fargo's good people. This mark of confidence on the part of Fargo's water and sewer company should be thoroughly appreciated by every Bismarckian.

ON THE SHORE.

Down on the golden sand
With careless feet,
Through sunny hours they stand—
The children sweet.

Gently, as if in play,
Great, green, gray waves
Make music in the bay
And kiss the caves.

Little children know
Upon the shore
How, in mid-sea, winds blow
And billows roar;

Hew ships meet sad mischance,
And sailors drown;
This blessed ignorance
Is childhood's crown.

Beside another sea
Those children stand,
From all its fears still free.
On childhood's land.

Oh, mighty sea of life,
Oh, perilous tides,
Where storms are always rife,
And death abides.

Fall softly on the land
Where childhood lingers,
Building its domes of sand
With rosy fingers.

For children should not hear
Your raging wild,
Nor see—whose eyes are clear—
Your tide defiled.

Nor mark, with hearts that bleed,
How souls go down;
This ignorance indeed
Is childhood's crown.

—Boston Pilot.

A DRIVE AND WHAT CAME OF IT

"When two women will, they will, you may depend on it;
And when they won't, they won't, and that's an end."

Adele and I began our offenses by separating from our respective families at the very beginning of the season, and hunting out for ourselves a retreat in a remote country farmhouse, where, "far from the madding crowd," we elected to spend the entire summer in sublime indifference to chaperons, toilets and men—chiefly the latter.

Our plan did not meet the approval of our maternal relatives, for certain reasons pertaining to our future speedy establishment in life which the summer had been expected to further, and that our insubordination reduced to despair.

We had, however, the ears of the fathers, who were not nearly so anxious to transfer our small claims for maintenance to others than the fatherly shoulders, and so we carried the day, and found ourselves right speedily established at the farmhouse of Squire Brown, in a certain peculiar nook adjacent to a nameless river, near a place which we elected to call Sleepy Hollow.

For a fortnight we did nothing material save sleep, eat, drink milk and eat strawberries; then there came what the natives call "a spell of weather," and we awakened to a consciousness of the loveliness about us, running wild to explore the hills that lay around us, all day in a golden haze; to penetrate to the heart of the dim, cool woodland, where strange flowers were blossoming, and delicate ferns bowed to the vernal breezes over fairy carpets of soft green moss; and to follow in their vagabond course the countless laughing brooks that tumbled down the hillside or murmured under the willows, where, in the deep pools, the speckled trout lay in wait for the unwary fly, in blissful ignorance of hook and rod.

One day, while the rambling spirit was still unappeased, yet had boots and limbs put in their protest, an inspiration came to us most happy in its promise.

We would drive to the falls in the squire's one-horse chaise. Neither of us had ever drawn rein over the back of living steed; but we were persuaded that driving in the country was a very simple matter, and then Roxy, the farmer's ancient horse, was a steady piece of flesh, not likely to bring us to grief, if her owner's statement was to be trusted—viz., that Roxy would draw the old chaise safely to the falls and back with the lines lying over the dashboard!

Accordingly Roxy was harnessed in, our baskets packed with a comfortable luncheon, and we, mounting to our seats, started off.

In the matter of driving there had been a division of labor in this wise: Adele held the reins, while I carried the whip. For the first mile the road was level and smooth, and Roxy, persevering in the steady trot with which she had started off, permitted us to attain a serenity that our unusual situation may not have warranted; but just as I was beginning to get the better of my little tremors that had hitherto interfered with my entire enjoyment of the affair, Adele suddenly leaned forward, and, taking the whip from my hand, dealt Roxy a sounding whack upon his quarters.

This was more than the most amiable beast could be expected to bear with equanimity, and certainly Roxy resented it, for she made a jump which fairly threw me from the seat, and started at a tearing pace down the road.

A horse's memory for this kind of an affront seemed not long, however, and when, by dint of shouting, coaxing and sawing on the lines our Bucephalus was gotten down to her ordinary gait, I turned to visit upon Adele a remonstrance. At a glance, I saw that she was triumphant in the opinion that Roxy and herself had come to a thorough understanding of relative positions, and therefore only meekly asked:

"What was the matter with her, Adele?"

"Why, did you not see her switch her tail over the reins in the most impertinent manner? A horse never does that when it knows in has a master, and I determined to settle that question at once."

Only one more little irregularity disturbed my entire confidence in the superior horsemanship of Adele, and as that only came when we were in sight of the falls, our journey was the most delightful and novel one imaginable.

It was at the top of a steep hill that the white, tumbling waters of the cascade came to us—a vision of beauty set in emerald banks, sparkling and throwing up wreaths of white spray that formed rainbows in the sunlight.

The reins had almost slipped from Adele's hands, and the whip, to which I had thus far paid manifold attention, trailed ignominiously in the dust of the highway as we sat devouring the scene with enthusiastic gaze, when Roxy took it into her venerable head to start in the

most unaccountable fashion at a tremendous pace down the hill.

Frantically I clutched the whip, holding it as rigidly upright as our bouncing career over the stony road would permit, lest by a wave of its lash the speed of the incomprehensible Roxy should be accelerated; and, expecting nothing else than instant destruction, I held my breath until, as suddenly as she had started, our animal had landed us whole and undamaged in front of a high gate which barred our further progress.

Then I looked at Adele. Her face was white, and the reins were of a verity over the dashboard, since only the extreme ends of them remained in her tightly closed hands; but her confidence in herself as a Jehu had evidently remained unshaken whatever she may have suffered physically in that way for she answered my look with the utmost gravity saying:

"If I had not held her up, Daisy I think that might have been dangerous." Words failed me, and I turned my attention, therefore, to the practical difficulties besetting our path.

The gate, we concluded, was the entrance to the grounds of a certain unknown gentleman who owned all the lands hereabout, and who had built himself a retreat in this wild and beautiful spot which, of late years, we had been told he seldom visited, and after due discussion we decided to tie Roxy to the gate-post, trusting to Providence, to find the somewhat unstable beast there upon our return, and to climb the fence with our basket, when, after viewing the falls, we would select a suitable place in which to rest and eat our luncheon.

We found a nosebag under the seat of the chaise, which the squire, with due consideration for the welfare of his horse, had providently supplied with oats; but the adjustment of this portable manger was the most trying piece of business, in which we were likely not to be successful, we thought, until, in our maneuvering, Roxy got a sniff of the grain, and lowered her head in a way highly satisfactory to two medium-sized young women, intent upon slipping a strap over her ears.

The next difficulty was the fence, which was very high, and ornamented at the top with a row of most malicious pickets, but at the cost of sundry garments torn and some bruises we scrambled over, and straightway found ourselves in a paradise of grass, trees and flowers, growing in the wild luxuriance of neglect, to be sure, but a place nevertheless to rest the very soul of weary humanity, and in which to lose the very memory of the pushing, turbulent world in the roar of the bright waters dashing down its stony fall, and dipping its foamy tide beneath the mirror-like current of the river below.

When we had explored the place to our heart's content, we sought a lovely little glade shaded by immense elm trees, quite near the house, which was rather a commonplace affair, considering its romantic situation, where we spread out the contents of our lunchbasket, and with much nonsense and laughter proceeded to enjoy ourselves in a manner to horrify the fashionable circle in which we were supposed to be too well-bred ever to do anything in a thoroughly natural and girlish way.

There was a rowan tree on the outskirts of the little park in which we had established ourselves, the unripe berries of which looked a pale, pretty yellow in the sunshine, and dragging down Adele's long, waving black hair, I dressed it fantastically with such arrowy leaves and berries as I could pull from the low-hanging limbs.

While we were engaged in this pretty business, there came through the stillness a long, low cry, half human in its sound, yet altogether unearthly.

"What can that be?" Adele questioned, a startled look widening her magnificent black eyes, and just then I caught a glimpse of an immense black body, out of the mouth of which hung a great, red tongue, and the eyes of which looked to my frightened imagination like balls of fire, and shrieking, "Run, Adele," I set off myself as fast as my two feet, which seemed palsied with terror, would carry me in the direction of the gate, thinking, with an agonized sense of insufficiency, of those horrible pickets atop of the fence, and never doubting that Adele was close at my heels, until again and again a bellowing "View halloo," came ringing down the wind after me, checking my headlong flight, and giving me the sustaining sense of human assistance, which induced me at length to halt and look back.

It was a shocking sight that met my gaze as I did so. Upon the grass, just where she had sat when I stuck the berries in her loosened hair, lay Adele, her head supported in the arms of a strange man who knelt beside her, and around the two a gigantic bound careening in wild circles.

More ashamed of myself than I had ever been in my life before, I turned to retrace my steps, just in time to see the stranger lift Adele up in his arms, and move rapidly toward the house, followed by the dog.

In vain did I hasten my steps. I could not overtake them, but, shaping my course by the direction of their disappearance, I found myself presently in a pretty morning-room in which Adele lay upon the couch, with a shriveled old fairy of a woman bending over her with a camphor-bottle in hand, but no sign of either man or dog that I could detect.

"Leo is as gentle as a lamb," said the little old woman apologetically. "But he has come near being the death of you with fright, young ladies." For by this time Adele had opened her eyes and commenced to look around her.

"It is a shame to allow such a monster to run at large!" I cried, more energetically than politely; and then Adele lifted her head and, peering into an opposite mirror, said nothing more sensible than, "What a fright I must look, Daisy!" at which evidence of returning life the old attendant nodded her head approvingly, and bustled away to prepare us some tea, for which thought I at least was grateful.

As soon as the door closed and we were alone, Adele sprang up and began twisting up her hair, just so far from testifying to the vexation I had expected her to feel after such an adventure, she asked, eagerly:

"Did you see him, Daisy? He is quite the handsomest man I ever met!"

"For heaven's sake, Adele, have done

with nonsense, and let us fly to Roxy, and the squire's chaise before we get into another ridiculous scrape," I implored.

"I shall do nothing of the kind, my dear. People who keep great dogs to frighten errant damsels out of their senses should not be suffered to escape paying the penalty of their indiscretion in some way or another," answered the heartless creature, and I prepared myself to sulk, when our old fairy again entered the apartment, and said:

"Mr. Islington presents his compliments to the young ladies, and begs, if they are sufficiently recovered from their fright, that they will allow him to offer them some refreshments in company with his friend and guest, Mr. Stephenson, with whom, he believes, they have an acquaintance."

"Great heavens!—the very pair of lions we were expected to encounter at Newport, and from the honor of which we ran away!" I gasped in consternation; the Adele only laughed and answered:

"Well, since they were such vandals as to run us down with dogs, it may be as well to surrender gracefully."

And following her lead we were ushered by the old fairy into a charming little dining-room, where we found Fred Stephenson and Mr. Islington waiting beside a daintily spread table, and, barring the embarrassment which speedily wore off, sat down to a partie carree meal that would have convulsed our entire world with horror had it been permitted to witness the jollity thereof.

When both the fun and the feeding were well over we bade the attendant fairy adieu, and with a parting look at the falls, made our way leisurely to the great gate that gave entrance to the enchanted grounds, only to find that our cup of disaster was not yet full.

Roxy had grown impatient of our long absence, and, with the nosebag still round her neck, had calmly turned her back upon us, and was doubtless by this time far on her road home, leaving only the halter, which she had ingeniously slipped out of, as a melancholy reminder of the unreliability of all trusts reposed in fourfooted animals and a woman's ability to tie a knot.

Well, we were certainly in for it. We had contrived to be guilty of as gross impropriety as two single young women can well manage in one day, and therefore we submitted with an easy grace to be carried back to the squire's by Mr. Islington's boys, with that gentleman as charioteer, and bringing Fred Stephenson along for the sake of giving our host company on the homeward drive.

It is perhaps needless to say that Roxy had arrived in good order, considerably in advance of us, and that the squire was not so greatly concerned as to our probable fate as to forget to ask after the halter which I had providentially clung to as the only available voucher for my entire sanity; but this I might say, since the matter will creep out sooner or later, things are likely to fall out quite as completely to the satisfaction of our anxious mamma, as if we had gone obediently to Newport, and never made acquaintance with the falls of Sleepy-Hollow through the medium of Roxy and the one-horse chaise.

Ole Bull's Tricks.

Artistic life in France, a paradise for great reputations, is not a bed of roses for those who hope to make a name, and who, in the big and gay, find nothing but disappointment and despair. Ole Bull made this experience, and, after a sad journey of three times twenty-four hours through the brilliant streets, not able to find the strictest necessities of life, he threw himself into the river. This drew upon him the attention of a rather romantic lady, the widow of Count Fyves, an Hungarian, fond of music to the most enthusiastic degree. She fancied that she discovered a great resemblance to her lost son in him, and she took him into her house, granted him the patronage of her powerful connection, and at last gave him her granddaughter in marriage. Of course, from that moment life was all smiles to him; he traveled a great deal and laid the foundation of a fortune which he both increased and, through unfortunate speculations, lost in America. He had conceived an unlucky plan of colonization of his countrymen, and had hoped too much from the management of Italian opera in New York. He redeemed his fortunes, however, after the death of his first wife, marrying a lady from Wisconsin, and touring very successfully in the United States.

Ole Bull, who undoubtedly was a remarkable violinist, was certainly not one of the great classical serious style, but rather of the sensational effect school, not entirely free from tricks which Robert Macaire baptized "blagues." The above alluded to illegitimate effects which in some instances he exaggerated, with a result which greatly pleased American galleries; and more than once, when he had diminished his tone to a nearly inaudible pianissimo, did he continue the attitude, as if he was playing, but actually having drawn off the bow entirely from the violin, holding it in the air, and producing no tone whatever; while his audience, in raptures at the softness of his really inaudible signs, made ear-trumpets of their hands and bent forward, eager to catch the sound which did not exist. Ole Bull, as if suddenly awakening from a trance, seemed to come to, and bowed to the enraptured audience.

Another of his inventions, with which at first he astonished even the learned violinists at Vienna, was the facility with which he played four-stringed chords, which he did by cutting the usually bowed bridge quite straight. That he did not succeed in blinding great men like Spohr, who spoke his mind very decidedly against him, is not to be wondered at. As a gentleman very much liked in society, on account of his courteous manners and sincerely obliging ways, he won the sympathy of his countrymen by his serious endeavor to do good by founding in Norway schools for literature and art, and building a theater, trying hard to benefit his people in Europe, after he had failed to do so, with great personal sacrifice, in America.—London World.

Here's another chance for farmers' boys. The cat's tail that grows so plentifully in our swamps is becoming quite an article of commerce. It is used extensively with grasses and other plants in decorating the interior of houses. A Providence firm has laid in a stock this season of 3,000.

FROM DAY TO DAY.

Only from day to day
The life of a wiseman runs;
What matter if seasons far away
Have glom or have double suns?

To climb the unreal path
We miss the roadway here,
We swim the rivers of wrath
And tunnel the hills of fear.

Our feet on the torrent's brink
Our eyes on the clouds afar,
We fear the things we think
Instead of the things that are.

Like a tide our work should rise,
Each labor-day the best,
To-morrow forever dies,
To-day is the special test.

Like a sawyer's work is life
The present makes the flaw,
And the only field for strife
Is the niche before the saw.

—By John Royce O'Reilly.

FALSE ECONOMY.

The Hon. Mr. Savall is the most prominent citizen in the village of Blundersham, somewhat ambitious and rather fond of show, but still regarded as a very saving man. A while ago he built him a house considerably larger than he needed, and with a good deal of ginger-bread work about it, such as is made with a jig-saw and at very cheap rates. He had made up his mind that the cost of the building should not exceed \$—— I am not able to give the figures as he never mentioned them to anybody, and in order to bring them within this limit, he dispensed with the services of an architect and determined to draw his own plans and superintend the work himself. The first thing to be done is to secure the materials for building at the cheapest possible price, so he hunts around among the lumber yards and brick yards and hardware shops and paint shops, managing, at the end of two or three weeks, to get the stuff that is needed at about thirty-three and one third per cent below the ordinary market schedule. It never occurs to him that if he had given the time thus spent to his regular business he might have made twice as much money as he saved; and also that in the end he might find his hemlock clapboards and two class bricks and very cheap hardware somewhat costlier than he supposed. He then looks around to see where he can find the cheapest labor. There are one or two carpenters and masons and painters living on the outskirts of the little town, who have had no employment for a long time, and they are willing to give him their services—such as they are—for very low wages. He sets them to work, and in the course of a year, during which time these low-priced mechanics potter along at their leisure, the house is finished and the proprietor takes possession, boasting not a little of the fact that he has the cheapest house in the village, taking into consideration its size and adornments. He prides himself more particularly upon the economy with which he has managed the plumbing and sewerage and some other details of the establishment.

The furnishing is also wonderfully cheap and at the same time very pretentious and showy. But in a few months the trouble begins. The windows rattle awfully in their sockets, as if afflicted with a perpetual ague; the catches do not work; the doors sag and the floors bend; the tables crack and the chairs give way; the chimneys will not draw; the roof leaks like a sieve; the chambers reek with unwholesome odors; the hemlock clapboards warp; the paint wipes off; the house settles at one of the corners, and the whole household are made miserable. Masons and carpenters of a different sort from those originally employed in the building are called in to make repairs; and in the end poor Mr. Savall is obliged to confess that the false economy which he practiced turned out to be a great mistake.

In the same village there lives a farmer, whose name I do not like to mention, but it is very possible that some of my readers may recognize him, and he is also of a very economical turn of mind. He never felt that he could afford to give his sheds and barn a coat of paint, or do much to keep them in repair, and so they are fast rotting away, much to the satisfaction of the rats and mice and other vermin, who have taken up their abodes there. He always buys the cheapest stock to be found in the market, and the result is that his cows give only half the average quantity of milk, and his oxen do only a half-day's work, and his horses travel at only half speed while it costs as much to feed them as it would if they were of the very best breeds. He also regards it as a waste to spend money upon fertilizers, and so goes on, year after year, skinning the land and getting only a scanty crop; of course expending the same amount of labor that would be needed upon the richest loam. He adds to this labor by persisting in the use of old, decrepit tools and antiquated ploughs, looking with contempt upon all our modern labor-saving machines; and then wonders that, with all his economy and painstaking, he is growing poorer all the while.

There is a shop in the village where the proprietor carries on a small trade. It is small, for various reasons. The man never liked to spend money in advertising, or in doing anything to make his place of business attractive.

His stock is made up in a great measure of damaged goods bought at auction, or of lots that were left over as unsalable, which he gets very cheap, and of old truck that has been lying on his shelves nobody knows how long; for he would rather keep a thing till it moulders than sell it at a sacrifice. He is very close in trade and never gives any over-weight; his expenses are small; he does all his own tinkering, and will spend half a day in trying to mend a lock, which a good mechanic would make right in half an hour—the shop business all the while taking care of itself; he pinches and screws and economizes in every conceivable way, and wonders that he can lay up nothing.

A mill has been established in the village of Blundersham, and many persons have taken their children from school and put them to work there, where they can earn something. The school is thus reduced in size, it is thought expedient to exchange the present competent and well educated teacher for one who can be had on cheaper terms, the quality of the supply of necessity falling off with the reduced price; and, as might be expected, the purchase of any new books

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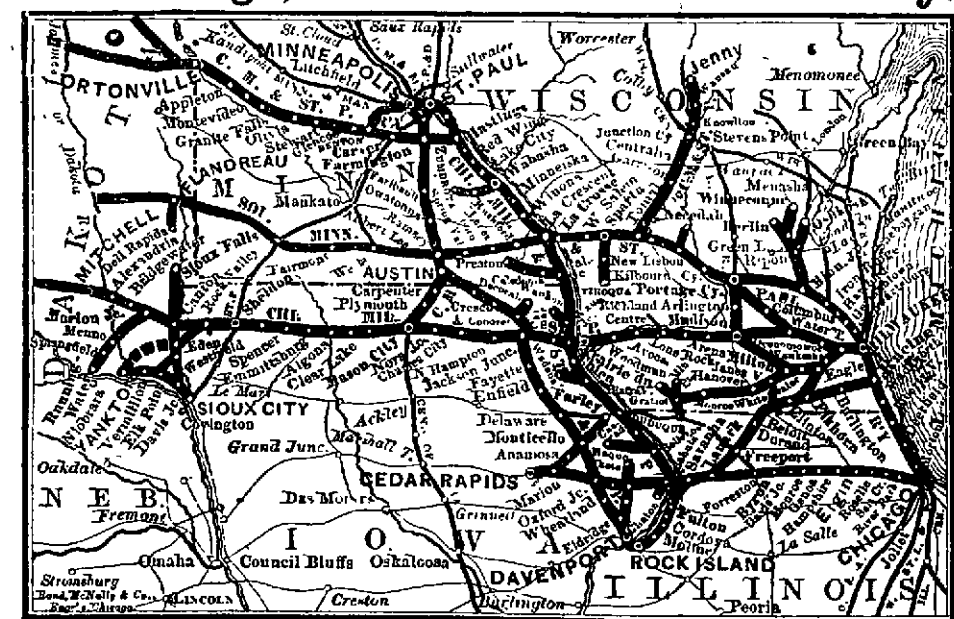
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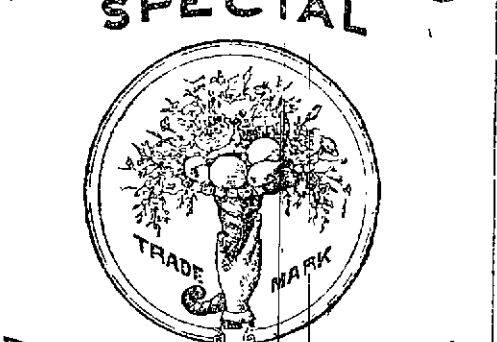
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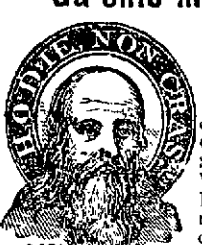
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WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC

For Sale.

FOR SALE.—E. H. By in addition to his contract with the N. P. for 10,000 tons of coal is prepared to furnish the trade both local and foreign.

FOR SALE.—Hay and oats. Hay in stack or delivered in town. Inquire of Henry Sullivan, one mile south of town on the Apple Creek road.

FOR RENT OR SALE.—The store room in the Thacker block. Equipped of S. Sebeck, St. Paul, Minn.

For Rent.

ROOMS FOR RENT.—One furnished, one unfurnished. Inquire at Thacker's office or at the house east of Seventh, on Main street.

Personal.

PERSONAL.—Furnish-purchase is wanted with some of the Bismarck exchanges. Object in at present; perhaps more by-and-by. Address: J. M. HOFF, Glendive, Montana.

Money to Loan.

MONEY TO LOAN.—F. J. CALL.

\$3,000 TO LOAN on Real Estate or security, in sums to suit. Inquire of FLANNERY & WETTERBY.

MONEY TO LOAN.—Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers. Inquire of J. P. STAFFORD, 414 Main St., Bismarck, D. T.

Miscellaneous.

FOUND.—Sixteen miles east of the Missouri river, at Thacker's ranch, four head of cattle. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying charges.

STRAYED.—Two ponies came into my enclosure about Dec. 1st, and were unknown. Parties owning the above animals can have the same by calling at the Stark farm, proving property and paying expenses of advertising and keeping.

LADIES' fine shoes a specialty. Large inventory just received at Marshall's, 75 Main Street.

HOTELISTS and Bismarck people generally, who have been short of beds, should order of O'Brien Ward, who will keep up with the demands of trade no matter how fast. Bismarck may increase its population.

LET your watch regulated at H. H. Day's 281 1/2 Main Street.

\$72 WEEK—\$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address: Tuck & Co., Augusta, Maine.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address: STIMPSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

SEND TO F. G. RICE & Co., Portland, Me., for best Agency Business in the World. Expense until free.

\$68 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address: H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

FRENCH Kid shoe lace and buttoned boots, the best yet at Marshall's.

AGENTS AND CANNASERS. Make from \$25 to \$50 per week selling goods for F. G. RICE & Co., 10 Barclay St., New York. Send for their Catalogue and terms.

Overcoats, Overcoats.

Schiffel, the Merchant Tailor, is prepared to furnish every one with Overcoats at popular prices.

The Furniture Store, Third St., is a good place to find nice things for presents.

Oysters, Oysters.

The celebrated Gold Seal brand Oysters received daily at Bragg's.

TAXIDERMISTS.

SOMETHING NEW.

WAITING ANXIOUSLY WAITING.

There is waiting, anxious waiting, for the fisherman returning.
And the angry winds are blowing, as the billows loudly roar;
There's a beacon in the window, and a cheer
ful fire burning,
To guide the storm-tossed mariner in safety
to the shore.

There is waiting, on the deck, where the fishermen are standing,
And fervent prayers are offered that the storm may soon be over;
All the sails are torn to ribbons, and the cables now are straining—
Oh, God! have mercy on them! they are drifting on the shore!

There is waiting, anxious waiting, for the tidings of the missing;
And fearful eyes are looking in sadness to the shore.
And the mother's heart is aching, as the child she fondly kisses
Whispers softly from its cradle, "Will papa come no more?"

There is waiting, anxious waiting, and the days and weeks are flying,
Yet no coming of the missing ever glads the watcher's eyes;
And the waves for aye are surging, with a wild and mournful sighing,
Where, in dreamless rest, the fisher, with his shattered vessel, lies.

WONDERFUL GAME OF BALL.

Those persons who had the honor of my acquaintance ten years ago, will recall that I was quite an adept in the national game of baseball. I pitched for the Stromboli club—a fair underhand pitcher—for several games; but about that time the fashion of curving and underhand throwing came in fashion.

I never believed it possible for any human being to send a regular body—such as a baseball—from his hand in such a fashion as to make it turn to the right or left. When the boys began to tell their wonderful stories about it, I said loftily that it was contrary to the law of mechanics, and, with a view of silencing these presumptuous youngsters, I wrote to the *Scientific American*, and submitted the question to that authoritative journal. It answered, in effect, that it was a ridiculous absurdity for any person to make such a claim.

This, however, did not silence my friends. They said they had seen it done. Cummings, the professional, could do it with ease, though that was about the extent of his capacity on the field.

Then I was told that Mann, of the Princeton college nine, had acquired the art; but I only laughed, until one day I witnessed a game between the College nine and the New Haven professionals. I placed myself behind the board-fence back of the catcher, and watched.

That settled it. Mann did it continually. I saw the ball, as it left his hand, make such a decided turn to one side that it actually went around the end of the bat, and the player, who was confident of making a home run, didn't come within six inches of the cube.

Even the veteran Gould, once of the famous old Red Stockings, after instructing his men how the thing was done, stepped up to the plate, and banged away eight times during the game, without coming anywhere near the ball.

I immediately reversed my opinions, as did the *Scientific American*, and also Professor Swift, of Rochester, who went out on the ball-field and saw the ball pitched squarely around the end of a board.

I think it was a good time for us all to patch up our theories.

I asked Mann how he did the trick, and he said that he curved the ball accidentally one day, while practicing in the gymnasium, and showed me how he held the ball.

But I could never acquire the knack, and resigned my position as pitcher for the Stromboli, and was succeeded by an ambitious young gentleman, who nearly snapped his head off every time he pitched the ball.

Shortly after, I became sensible of an increasing tendency to corpulence on my part, doubtless inherited from my father, who weighed an eighth of a ton.

My weight steadily increased, until I now tip the scales at 220, and am still rising.

I was always fond of witnessing the game, and used to go out to the Athletic grounds, to see that club clean out the old Athletics, and then get cleaned out in turn by the Red Stockings, of Cincinnati, who in turn would be completely used up by the Athletics, in their shabby uniforms, while fortune varied as concerned the other clubs.

Last Fourth of July, a social party was gotten together, and arrangements made for spending the glorious anniversary over in New Jersey.

A delightful grove was selected, and among the amusements, it was settled that a game of baseball was to be played in the afternoon, and I was selected as a member of one of the contesting nines.

I shivered when told it, and protested. The fact was, that among the numerous spectators was to be a young lady for whom I entertain a very high respect, and who, I was beginning to hope, was not altogether impartial toward me. I declined at once.

"If it can't be thought of," I said, emphatically. "I haven't played ball for ten years. I'm too fat to run. I can't catch a ball, and couldn't hit one, unless they will allow me to use a ten-inch board."

"That's the fix we're all in," said my friend "There's really only one fair player—Mackpherson; and we will handicap him, so the difference won't be noticed. If you can't run, some one may run for you, and you will do as good batting as any of them. No use of talking, therefore. I've got you down for the right field, where you won't have much to do, but can put on all the style you wish."

Unfortunately, I suffered myself to be persuaded. The Fourth of July turned out to be a splendid day—cool, breezy, and of just the right temperature, and we were a jolly party that took the cars, early in the morning, and went over into Jersey to spend the day.

I haven't space to describe a fourth part of the history of those hours dissipated in the country. There were about twenty-five gentlemen, and the same number of ladies—each of the latter having an escort.

It was the expectation of us all that our party—including the old farmer who owned the grove—would be the only witnesses of this memorable contest; but one of his urchins employed himself for two days previous to the game in spread-

ing the news, so that by the time three o'clock came, there were several hundred ranged along under the shadows of the trees to watch our performances.

The little rascal also pointed me out as a former professional, who had refused tremendous offers from all the clubs in the country, so that great expectations were formed concerning me.

I grieve to say, however, that I overheard several disrespectful remarks concerning my ponderosity, as I moved about among my friends, picked up the bats, and tried them with the off-handedness of a professional.

I was not without misgivings, for there was nothing but my former skill to count upon, and that was an exceedingly slender thread.

In throwing the ball, before the game, I tried my best to hold it, but missed every one, with a single exception, and that I held by accident. But it made my hands tingle and smart, though I didn't let any one see it.

My great relief, however, was, in observing that all the others were about as deep in the muffin business as I was; and there's nothing like company when you're scared or miserable.

I tried a little with the bat, and did a little better, forgetting that in this case the balls were pitched precisely as I wished them, while in the game it would be exactly the opposite; that is, if the pitcher knew anything about his business.

I was the last striker of the nine, and as our players were put out in one-two-three order, it was not until the close of the third inning that I stepped up to the home-plate, and took up the ash in my old-time style.

A good many remarks from the crowd were audible: "Knock the stuffing out of it!" He's George Wright in disguise!" "He's Dickey Pearce grown stouter!" "Try Anti-Fat!" and similar expressions reached my ears.

Ball players must be accustomed to such annoyances, for they are often uttered for the very purpose of influencing the game. But I was angered, and seeing the ball coming fairly over the home-plate, I banged away at it with all my might.

I came within about fourteen inches of it, the momentum of my own blow carrying me completely around on my feet, causing my hat to fall off and myself almost to stagger over on my head with sudden dizziness.

A general laugh followed this failure, and my cheeks burned with chagrin, for I was sure that the hasty glance which I cast down toward the grove, showed my particular friend of the gentle sex smiling at the figure I cut.

Before I could get in "form" as they say, the second ball was pitched. The umpire yelled "Strike!" just as the cube struck me in front and nearly took my breath away.

There was another laugh, and the pitcher called out, "Beg pardon!" uttered just as you will hear it about a hundred times when a couple of college clubs are playing for the championship.

I told him it was all right, but if it was repeated it would be his last performance, and I scowled terribly, and gripped my bat in a suggestive way.

I drove away at the third ball, and caught it fairly on the end of my bat.

There was a sharp crack like a pistol-shot, and a roar of applause went up from the crowd, as I started like a buffalo for the first base.

I didn't see the ball, and when our captain shouted, "Come home! come home!" I made a desperate effort to complete the circuit of the bases.

At the first my hat went off. But what of it? No professional would mind such a thing. Before I reached second, one of my shoes shot up in the air behind me and dropped down on my head, and I heard laughter mingling with applause.

By the time I reached second, I began to feel tired, and wanted to sit down and rest, but about all our nine were chasing after me, clapping their hands, dancing and screaming like lunatics.

"Run it out! A home run! The best hit you ever made! This'll win the game! Run hard! all the ladies are watching you!"

I couldn't think of stopping with such incitement in my ears, though I was at almost out of breath, and a sudden kink in my left ankle caused me to limp and nearly fall.

I went panting by second with bulging eyes, and my other shoe went up like a rocket over my head.

Forging by third with the whole pack at my heels, while all the other nine were shouting to the center-fielder to throw it in, I struck for home.

"Get out of the road!" called the crowd. "That chap can't stop! He'll have to go around three or four times before he can put on the brakes! Let the band play!" etc.

Well, I reached home-plate a second ahead of the ball, which, being thrown in from a long distance, struck me and helped me forward somewhat.

Seeing how close the contest was, the captain shouted to me to slide in, and I did so. I thought if I could slide a few inches it would serve to rest me. I succeeded, though it played havoc with my trousers, though the damage was not irreparable.

When it was seen that I had made a home run, the applause was terrific and long-continued.

Recovering my wind as best I could, I carelessly sauntered off toward the trees as though I had done a very small thing in the world.

I heard the young scamp of a boy shouting out that I was an old professional, and he told them I would do lots of great things during the game, adding that I would show more astonishing performances before it was through.

He was quite correct. Up to this time I had had nothing to do in the field, the balls being knocked nearer the other players. Every time one was struck by our opponents I made a dash for it, but held up when I saw it was going out of my jurisdiction. This tended to show that I was on the lookout for all the chances.

In the sixth inning a "daisy-cutter" came skipping toward me. I dodged about, danced here and there, and prevented it going by, and being ordered to send it in, made a desperate throw to home, to head off a player running in from third.

I put too much steam on, for the ball went some twenty feet over the catcher's head, who, nevertheless, jumped into the

air and threw up his hands as if he expected to reach it.

The best thing about the business was that the ball struck the little boy who had been yelling my praises, and he was so occupied in weeping for the rest of the game, that he let me alone.

My wild throw gave me a fearful wrench in the side, and I struck out every time after that; but as that was what the majority did, I didn't feel as lonely as I anticipated.

I should have stated that having had a week's notice of the game, the most of us prepared a sort of burlesque uniform, with a view of helping along the fun.

My cap fitted very much, but the frontpiece extended nearly a foot directly outward. The trousers were gorgeously illuminated with stars, but were tight, and were continually coming unfastened at the knee and working up my legs. The stockings were a brilliant crimson, and the shoes of the ordinary kind. The shirts had an immense letter "S" worked in front, to distinguish our members from the others.

In all such games the blunders are innumerable. One of our nine insisted, after reaching second base, that he had the right to run back to home-plate, instead of going forward, as the distances was the same. Another, finding the ball at first ahead of him, hastily withdrew to home, where he contended that he had a right to stay until he saw a favorable opening.

"That's the way we used to do!" he said, savagely, "and it was a good deal better than this new-fangled fashion."

"In the ninth inning the situation assumed an interesting phase. Our opponents—the Invincibles—were at the bat, we having played out our nine innings. We had made fifty-five runs, and they fifty-three. If we could blank them (and each club had been whitewashed several times) we would win. If they should get in two runs, the game would be tied, and another inning would be necessary. If they should get three, they would win.

The "excitement was intense," as the expression goes. The shouting stopped, and the country folks began trenching upon the field in their anxiety to see the close.

Our captain admonished us all to keep cool and to watch every chance. "Don't get rattled!" was the caution he repeated half a hundred times.

We all promised we wouldn't allow ourselves to be rattled, though there were only one or two who knew he was warning us against becoming demoralized or (figuratively) losing our heads.

The first ball struck went straight to the pitcher, who took it on the bound and threw it furiously to first, to head off the striker.

The baseman, startled to see it coming like a cannon-ball, turned his back toward it and shrugged his shoulders. It struck him and fell at his feet, he turning frantically around to hunt for it.

The runner would have been there in time, if he had not stumbled and torn half his uniform off. This so bewildered him that before he recovered the baseman found the ball.

One man out, and no runs!

The second batter drove a "skyscraper" over the center-field, and made his second before the ball was fielded in.

This looked bad, but we were much cheered and revived by the captain begging us again not to get "rattled." We drew a long breath, and resolved to die before becoming "rattled."

The pitcher took his position, and got ready to deliver the ball to the batsman.

At this juncture the runner, who was on second base, stepped on a pace or two to watch his chance.

The instant he did so the baseman near him took the ball from under his arm, and, tapping him on the shoulder, shrieked for "judgment!"

The umpire could do nothing but give the runner out.

This little trick, you know, is sometimes played by professionals, and is nothing but a deception as to where the ball is.

The opponent supposed it was in the pitcher's hands, and did not suspect the risk he ran in stepping off his base.

Two men out, no runs in and we were ahead!

The next three batsmen made their bases by knocking skipping, difficult balls. With all the bases filled, this made the situation extremely interesting, and we became more determined than ever that we would not be "rattled."

I began dancing about and moving forward and backward as though the ground had become suddenly red-hot, while at the same time my head was thrown so far back, to allow me to gaze skyward, that the long fore piece of my hat pointed straight toward the zenith.

"Right-field! Take it, right field!" was shouted by every member of our nine, while our opponents began to hoot and howl so as to "rattle" me; but I had seen that thing before, and my poise was too sublime for me to be disturbed by such trifles.

"Just see him take that in old-fashioned style!" some one called from the crowd—probably the urchin who had been heralding my skill from the beginning.

"Keep back, keep back!" I shouted! "This is my ball! Don't get in the way I say!"

They did let me alone. Audience and players held their breath to witness the play.

As I learned afterwards all the ladies raised their hands and held them close together, so as to be ready to applaud the instant it was seen I held it.

I was just as sure of holding that ball as I was of receiving the thunderous applause which follows such brilliant exploits.

I spread my feet apart, held my open palms in position, and kept my eye on the black cube which was whizzing downward through the pulsing air like a meteor toward me.

"Keep back! this is mine! I'll hold it!"

The ball shot straight through my hands, and striking me squarely on the nose, bounced off somewhere into space.

I described a back somersault, and in going over saw more stars than Herschel ever discovered.

The hoots, laughter, disrespectful remarks and yells were simply terrific. I hastily scrambled to my feet and began glaring around for the ball. While thus

engaged, the three men on bases ran in, and the latter made a home-run. Consequently but side was beaten, and my nose was decidedly out of shape.

Since then, I have not been a very ardent admirer of baseball, and I trust that after this one will ask me to tell him, privately, why it is my nose is not plumb.—*Golden Days.*

The Birth of a Spanish Princess.

The birth of a successor to the Spanish throne was attended with great ceremony at Madrid. Directly Queen Christina felt the first symptoms of travail her Austrian physician advised the Duke of Sexto, the lord chamberlain, who immediately ordered the commanding officer of halfbrades of the guard to send eighty messages to request the instant attendance at the palace of the ministers, the diplomatic corps and the native personages named by royal order to be present at the birth. Before their arrival King Alfonso, ex-Queen Isabella, the Princess of Asturias, the Archduchess Isabella and the ladies of the royal household had assembled in the bedchamber of the queen, with the Austrian physician. In another room, close by, were the two wet nurses from Santander, in their pretty costumes of velvet skirts and bodices, braided with gold and silver.

The interior of the palace was a scene of great animation. The guards came to occupy the gates and line the staircase and antechamber. Then came the grandees, chamberlains and military household, who in fine uniforms filled the galleries. Anxious expectation was on every countenance. As carriage after carriage arrived with personages native and foreign, all appearing in full uniform except the United States and South American representatives, the lord chamberlain conducted them to the antechamber next to the chamber of the queen. It was a brilliant assemblage of the flower of Spanish nobility. Marshals and generals, knights of noble and military orders in mediæval cloaks and rich costumes, judges, prelates, civil and military authorities, the mayor and aldermen of Madrid, forming a striking contrast with senators and deputies, in plain evening dress, amid the splendid ceremonial that revived all the gorgeous etiquette of the house of Bourbon in the eighteenth century. Motionless as statues in a doorway stood the halberdiers and musketeers in the gala costume of the time of Louis XV. Busy curiosity reigned in the brilliant gathering, and the most intense anxiety was felt for the royal sufferer in the bedchamber, until the Austrian physician was able to inform King Alfonso that the queen was happily delivered.

The ancient usages of the monarchy required that directly after the birth the doors of the bedchamber should be thrown open to let the king present his child to the assembly in the ante-chamber, and Alfonso strictly conformed to this practice. A few minutes after the lord chamberlain had announced the event to the distinguished personages the king entered, bearing himself, on a fine gold tray, his child, and while all eagerly bent forward to gaze the veil that covered the royal infant was raised and every one looked at the child—a strong, healthy baby princess. King Alfonso received their hearty congratulations, especially from the foreign envoys and ministers. Before any one departed the minister of grace and justice prepared a deed recording the birth, and it was signed by many witnesses according to precedence. Then a solemn Te Deum for the happy recovery of the queen was sung in the chapel of the palace by the cardinal primate and the patriarch of the Indies, in the presence of a numerous attendance of the nobility. Directly after the presentation of the child the Duchess Medina de las Torres, the chief governess, conveyed her to apartments which had been prepared in the story below the royal bedchamber, and consisting of an ante-chamber, saloon and bedroom for two wet nurses, together with a bedroom for Senora de Tacón, who had also acted as governess to King Alfonso twenty-one years ago. The bedchamber of the princess is large and furnished very simply with cretonne curtains and sofas. In the wardrobe immense chests are filled with magnificent lace, made in Madrid and abroad from patterns prescribed by Queen Isabella and the archduchess Elizabeth, the mother of Queen Christine.

Sympathy as a Softener of Law.

They allow very wide scope to sympathy, as a softener of law, in France. The case of the Countess de Till recently tried in a Parisian court was embellished by an outpouring of popular feeling such as would scarce have been possible in other places. The countess was tried for having disfigured the face of a young laundress who had become the favorite of the count, her husband. The girl was handsome and vain enough of her conquest to tantalize the countess by boasting that madam would not live long and that upon her death she herself would succeed to the title. Madame lost patience one day and discharged a bottle of vitriol full in her tormentor's face, destroying one eye and reducing the pretty features to a mass of wrinkled sears. When the case came to trial the public took part. The jurors were publicly and passionately admonished, and entreated to acquit her. The newspapers were unanimous in her behalf. Her counsel shed tears while making his argument, which was based on wholly sympathetic grounds. The public prosecutor made merely a perfunctory request for conviction, and immediately added a plea for leniency. The judge instructed the jury in her favor and the jury at once returned their verdict of acquittal, "amid," as the account says "a perfect storm of applause."

Rev. Dr. Pusey says that London is, in all probability, one of the largest heathen cities in the world, and that many of its inhabitants will be judged, he supposes, by the same law as the heathen in China and Japan.

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MERCHANT HOTEL—Corner 3d-st and 1st-ave, north. \$2 per day; 10¢ a bed in the very centre of business—two blocks from the post office and suspension bridge; street cars to all depots and all parts of the city pass within one block of the house. J. LAMONT, Prop.

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Patent Adjustable Steel Beam—Patent Solid Double Rhin—Solid Steel.

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Light, Strong, Durable—Teeth Adjustable—Easy to Operate—Rakes Clean. Send for Descriptive List.

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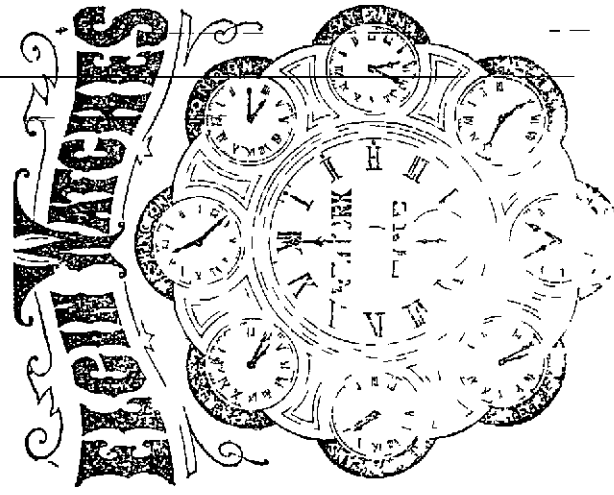
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